

The Border Widette.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

NOGALES, SANTA CRUZ COUNTY, ARIZONA, AUGUST 22, 1903.

No. 34.

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THE PALACE,

M. M. CONN,
PROPRIETOR.

NOGALES. - - ARIZONA.

LOCAL NEWS

Items of Interest Picked Up About the Line City.

Wednesday Col. Bird of the Oasis was a southbound passenger.

Mr. A. P. Behan, who with Mr. Richard Harrison is interested in stockraising in this county, has returned to Yuma.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Eb. Williams is one of the most attractive in the line city, with its well kept yard and beautiful flowers.

Ramon Corral, minister of the interior and former governor of the state of Sonora, has gone to San Francisco. He was accompanied by his family and will place two of his children in college.

This week Mr. Thomas Yerkes, president of the Yerkes Mining, Milling and Smelting company, has been a visitor in Nogales, having just returned from a visit to his old home at Philadelphia, Pa.

Last Saturday at Long Beach, California, Mrs. Henry Levin of this city presented Henry with a sweet girl baby. Both mother and little one are reported doing nicely. Mr. Levin is with his family.

Mr. Potts, the Klondike mining man, has gone. A number of first-class men engaged to go out to Oro Blanco to work for him at princely salaries, are still here in Nogales, awaiting his return.

The famous Chihuahua, Mexican military band will play in Tucson on September 14th and the night following their appearance in Tucson they will play for the Phoenix celebration of Mexican independence.

A Tucson paper says it is rumored that the Pride of the West at Washington Camp will soon resume operations. We hope the report is true for the resumption of work at the big copper camp means much for Nogales and Santa Cruz county.

Attention is called to the alley on the west side of Morley avenue. From a sanitary condition it is in horrible state and the board of health should at once give it their personal attention. It is the duty of the city council to give this matter their immediate attention. The welfare of the city demands it.

Joe Pohlman, general superintendent of the Grand Central Mining company's properties at Minas Prietas and R. E. Page, general manager of the Prietas stores, stopped over in Nogales last Sunday night on their way to La Colorada from a trip to Old Mexico where they had been on a business trip.

Mr. Joseph Pascholy, manager of the Nogales Water company has gone to Los Angeles on a combined business and pleasure trip. He made arrangements while in Tucson the other day to have improvements made on his ranch two miles south of the old pueblo. One of these days Mr. Pascholy will be in the millionaire class.

Monday night Hon. A. C. Bernard, secretary of the Greene Cattle company, his private secretary Abe Goldbaum, and Governor Rafael Isabal of the state of Sonora, were visitors in Nogales. They came up from Hermosillo in President Greene's private car Oceanic, and were on their way to La Cananea. Tuesday morning they left for the big copper camp, their car being attached to the regular northbound passenger train.

Hon. George W. Atkinson of Calabasas, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, says he wants to go on record as being in favor of making Arizona and New Mexico one state. He thinks it would help him both politically and financially. "Hold your horses," Mr. Atkinson, the people of Arizona will never submit to ride in New Mexico's band wagon when they have a better one of their own. No doubt the people of New Mexico would like to have us, but we don't want New Mexico. We have no more use for her than Mr. Atkinson has for a fifth wheel on his wagon.

Death of Geo. W. Cheyney.

George W. Cheyney, probate judge of Pima county, died at the sanitarium in San Francisco yesterday at 4:30 o'clock of an illness contracted here several months ago and which assumed a serious form in July, says the Tucson Citizen of Aug. 15th.

It was deemed advisable for Mr. Cheyney to go to San Francisco and be placed under the charge of Dr. George Goodfellow. A few weeks ago Mr. Cheyney made the journey. His case becoming more serious daily Mrs. Cheyney was advised to go to her husband and left here last Sunday evening. Reports of the week were favorable, but the inevitable came just before the dawn of the day, a telegraphic message received by Vic. E. Hanny, exalted ruler of the Elks supplying the sad news and asking for instructions.

George W. Cheyney was 49 years of age and his birthplace was Philadelphia, Pa. He came to Arizona about 1881 and for several years was identified with his father in the Toughnut Mining and Milling company at Tombstone, the son being in charge of the stamp mill at Charleston, on the San Pedro.

In 1890 Mr. Cheyney was a candidate for Delegate to Congress, his opponent being Mark A. Smith. Col. Wm. Herring campaigned for Mr. Cheyney.

During the early nineties Mr. Cheyney was operating for eastern people at the Old Glory, Oro Blanco district. About this time he was territorial superintendent of public instruction.

Four years preceding August, 1902 Mr. Cheyney was postmaster at Tucson, an appointment made by President McKinley. Last November he was elected probate judge of Pima county by a small margin over S. W. Purcell, Democrat, and took charge of the office January 1, 1903.

Deceased was a member of King Solomon Lodge, F. and A. M., of Tombstone. He was grand master of Masons in the early nineties and was also a member of Tucson Chapter, No. 3, R. A. M., and Arizona Commandery No. 1, K. T. He was one of those who helped to start Arizona Lodge, No. 1, A. O. U. W., as also Tucson Lodge, No. 385, B. P. O. E.

Mr. Cheyney was married to Miss Annie Neal, sister of Mrs. W. F. Staunton of Tombstone, at Atchison, Kansas, in 1882. He leaves a widow and six children, all girls and some grown up.

My Enemy.

I lift my hat to my Enemy,
The frank, outspoken foe,
Who surely is against me
And heartily wishes me woe.
I salute him with profound respect
And honor his disdain,
For he fights in the Open
And makes his position plain.
He has his grievance against me
And, from his point of view,
I am all that is detestable,
Unworthy and untrue.
And when we meet in conflict
And fight our battle out,
He'll do his best to put me
Utterly to rout.

In dealing with my Enemy
I know just where I stand,
I know how well he hates me,
He candidly shows his hand.
If he can, he will outwit me
And never miss the chance
To hurl me rolling down the hill
While he's on the advance.
I know that he will never show
In any little way
Consideration or remorse;
He's in the fight to stay.

And yet, I salute my Enemy,
To him I lift my hat,
For he fights in the Open,
And valiantly at that.
My Enemy, I almost wish
Had been, instead, my friend,
For friendship real and friendship true
Is glorious to the end,
But sycophants and Pharisees
And hypocrites galore
Have made friendship a rarity,
Have eaten to the core.
My Enemy I can respect,
For he is straight and white,
He hates me sincerely and with truth,
With spirit and with might.
And so I salute my Enemy,
And doff my hat to him,
Who nobly fights in the Open
And does it with a vim.

—New York Sun.

New El Dorado.

Under the caption: "New El Dorado," El Correo de Sonora, of Aug. 14th says: "In the southern part of Lower California on lands belonging to a Mr. Mendoza, there has been made a discovery of gold placers whose richness truly is sufficient pretext to attract the attention of the entire world to this country. Mr. C. T. Robinson, captain of the steamer Korigan (this steamer belongs to the Boleo company at Santa Rosalia) on his last trip to La Paz saw one nugget of gold which has been valued at \$75,000 silver, being undoubtedly one of the largest pieces of gold that the world has ever seen. The owner of this beautiful nugget is Mr. Don Miguel Conego, who in a wagon accompanied by four rurales personally brought the nugget to La Paz. We are also informed that the steamer Union which arrived in this port yesterday brought a number of telegrams regarding these placers to be transmitted to the United States. As a result of this remarkable discovery a large influx of Americans is expected from the United States."

La Paz, Lower California, is only 265 miles by water from Guaymas. The new discovery was made a short distance west of the city of La Paz, near the Triunfo mines. Great excitement is being manifested at Guaymas and Americans and others are said to be rushing to the new gold fields where the wonderful nugget was found.

Don Miguel Conego, the present owner of the nugget, is a son-in-law of the American consul at La Paz, and is one of the wealthiest men in Lower California, being interested in the great pearl fisheries of that country. He is a very shrewd business man, and it is said by persons here in Nogales, who know him, that if he paid \$75,000 for the nugget, it surely is worth much more than that amount.

Plenty of Room for Capitalists.

Mr. O. Campbell, a Mexican mining operator of Sinaloa and Durango, who is now in New York, takes strong exception to the statement that most of the profitable mines in Mexico already are taken up. "Why," said Mr. Campbell, "opportunities for profitable mining operations today are nowhere equalled by those in Mexico. There are large sections of the country that contain vast mineral deposits in which the American miner has never penetrated. All of our large mining capitalists are going into Mexico. Once a capitalist goes there it is customary for him to remain and not look elsewhere. In twenty years the mineral production of Mexico will astonish the world. The ore transportation problem, years ago, was a handicap; but today the Mexican Central railroad is doing everything in its power to promote the ore production of the country, and the miners are given every encouragement. What Mexico needs today more than anything else is enterprising Americans to secure control of the opportunities existing there."—Cananea Herald.

Must Speak the Language.

The Mexican government has issued a decree which requires all conductors, ticket agents and other employs of railroads in the republic, including electric and other street car lines, shall be able to answer ordinary queries of passengers and travelers in the Spanish language. The decree provides that proficiency shall be established by a regular examination. Some think that the problem of getting sufficient help under this order for the border railroads will be a difficult one. It seems that the class of Mexicans capable of becoming good agents and conductors do not as a rule care to enter the service and work up, while the class of Americans who drift in and hunt jobs are not as a rule acquainted with the Spanish language.

However, it is said that with little study and constant practice gained in the daily routine, almost anybody can pick up in a few months enough of the language to enable them to understand and answer the ordinary queries of the traveling public.—Cananea Herald.

HANK MONK'S FAMOUS DRIVE.

Horace Greeley's Stage Coach Ride Vividly Recalled by an Interesting World's Fair Exhibit.

Special Correspondence to THE WIDETTE.

St. Louis Aug. 18.—Hank Monk, the stage driver of the pioneer days in the far West, was immortalized by Mark Twain in his "Roughing It." The stage coach in which Hank Monk got Horace Greeley to Placerville "on time," and the gold watch that was presented to the intrepid Jehu because of his record-breaking trip will be among the interesting curios at the World's Fair, St. Louis in 1904.

Mr. J. A. Yerrington, of Carson City, Nevada's executive commissioner to the World's Fair, was in St. Louis a few days ago and told Charlie M. Reeves, secretary of the states and territorial exhibits committee, that Nevada would exhibit among other interesting things, these famous Hank Monk relics.

Hank Monk, as will be remembered by everyone who has read Mark Twain's first famous book, "Roughing It," was the driver who was in charge of the stage that carried Horace Greeley into Placerville one evening in the latter sixties. Mr. Greeley was booked to deliver an address in that mining village at 7 o'clock. The trip was tedious and the great editor began to fear that he would not reach Placerville in time to keep his engagement. He leaned out of the stage window and asked the driver, Hank Monk, if he could not entice a little more speed from the horses.

The imperturbable driver leaned down and replied: "Keep you seat, Horace, I'll get you there on time."

How Hank Monk kept his word is graphically recorded by Mr. Clemens. Probably no trip over the mountains was ever made at such break neck speed. The distinguished passenger was tossed around in the bounding stage coach like corn in a popper and there were those who declared that Mr. Greeley's head was forced through the roof.

The trip was the topic of the entire coast country and some admirers of the celebrated driver bought him a handsome gold watch. Inside the case appears this inscription:

Presented to Hank Monk in commemoration of his celebrated drive in landing Horace Greeley on time. "Keep your seat Mr. Greeley, I'll get you there on time."

At the time of the Greeley ride Hank Monk was in the employ of Dr. J. M. Benton, of Carson City. Monk and Benton were close friends and when this old stage driver died the famous watch passed into the possession of Dr. Benton. Hank Monk was buried in the cemetery at Carson City. A plain sandstone slab marks the grave and in a niche cut in the stone may be seen a tintype portrait of the man who got Horace Greeley in "on time."

Mr. Yerrington has secured the watch from Dr. Benton and will have it on exhibition in the Nevada building.

The other Hank Monk relic which will attract even more attention is the same old stage coach in which Horace Greeley took the famous ride. Mr. Yerrington was able to secure this and it will be taken to the World's Fair and will be used as the coach of state by the Nevada officials. When distinguished guests reach St. Louis the old coach, with a driver of the pioneer days in typical costume, will be at Union Station and convey them to the official Nevada home at the World's Fair grounds. Then every day the old coach may be seen dashing down the steep hill from the plateau of states to the mining gulch, where will be constructed a typical California mining camp of the Forty-nine days. This trip will be made just as it was many years ago when the gold dust was daily taken from the mines to a place of safety.

Mr. Yerrington says that Mark Twain is almost worshipped out in Carson City. While he was known only by the name of Sam Clemens the author was a resident of Carson and was employed in a reportorial capacity on a paper in Carson owned by Mr. Yerrington's father. Much of the material for "Roughing It" was gathered in Nevada before fortune smiled on the great humorists.